

THE BIG BLUE UNION.

BY G. D. SWEARINGEN.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way."

VOLUME I, NUMBER XI.

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G. D. SWEARINGEN, Proprietor.

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Upside Flowers.

"Sail in the dream-land, Poesy,
Oh what a Heaven of beauty lies;
Fairer than the blended skies
Of a thousand sunset skies.
Heads and vales of temple stretching
(Nestled with skies of changeless blue,
Over whose velvet and are clustered
Floral Gums and Pearls of dew."

OUR NATIVE LAND.

God save our fair Republic,
Our own dear native land,
And make its lasting glory,
Her sheaf of States to stand—
Her equal laws maintaining;
Her way be wise and just,
And still, among the Nations,
God be her shield and trust!

Dear are her skies above us,
Dear is her grassy sod
Where lies the dust most precious,
Of loved ones now with God;
Dear are her varying landscapes,
Rich in their autumn gold,
Or, when through all her forests,
Spring's myriad leaves unfold.

Her modest homes—God bless them—
Dot far and wide the land;
In every hamlet trooping
Fair children book in hand.
God bless her golden harvests,
Her boundless wealth of grain,
Speed in her hand the shuttle,
Her white sails o'er the main.

Still tower her ancient eagle,
Alcft in calm or gale,
And from the harp he beareth,
Deep harmony prevail,
Linked, kith and kin, one people,
In one pure faith we stand,
And say for Right and Freedom,
God save our native land.

GONE.

Gone and going! passing over
That dark stream, the stream of death:
Gone and going! friend and lover,
All in silence, with hushed breath!

Gone from earth, the tenderest father,
Kinsmen loved, and very near,—
Friend still dearer than all other—
Gone from me in one short year!

Gone and going! friends, we're going—
We who still on earth abide.
O! how swift the river's flowing!
And how near the swelling tide!

O! for faith and love, to banish
Every sorrow, every fear;
Mortal terrors quick must vanish
If we feel our Saviour near.

He has passed the same dark river—
With Him are our loved and lost;
We will trust Him, yes, forever!
Though by earthly tempests tossed!

Shall we meet—the dead—the living—
Shall we meet all freed from sin?
Glorious faith! sure comfort giving,
"The dead in Christ shall rise again!"

EVENING.

The evening sun hath gently kissed
A silent, soft good-bye,
And blazes as the fond caress
Hath mantled earth and sky.
Night closed the portals of the west,
Where passed his golden car,
And sealed the arch of amethyst
With love's bright vesper star.

THE RESULT.

Several worthy individuals, who frequently, now-a-days, attempt to shout for the Union, but whose loyal utterance stick in their throat as though not accustomed to the thoroughfare, are, just now, very fearful that the war is being carried too far, that its legitimate object has been attained in Missouri, Kentucky, and Maryland; that it was never intended to be really carried into Africa; that "our erring brethren" were to be soundly scared, and then to be soundly scared, and then to be put to bed beside the brothers and sisters they failed to murder. Like the Scotch Minister, sorely vexed by some unruly urchins in the gallery over the pulpit, who prayed, "And now, Oh, Lord, take those unrighteous brats in the gallery by the nap of the neck, shake them over the bottomless pit; but merciful Father *mind thy grab* that they descend not into perdition," do these over sensitive philanthropists desire that mischief makers shall not suffer the penalty of their crimes. They desire the general Government to shake them thoroughly, but they are continually uttering groanings unspeakable, lest it shall not mind its grab, and allow one of these traitors to be ruined in the storm of fury he, and they, with whom he acts, have evoked.

Such tender-footed Union men are fearful that slavery will not come out of this revolution as strong, robust and healthy as it went in. We repeat, this war has no more to do with slave labor in the States than it has with mule labor. The war is waged to restore the supremacy of the United States Government, and it will not cease till that government is acknowledged supreme in every one of the thirty-four States.

But, bear in mind one thing. Slave property depended for its protection, within its own States, upon the local laws of those States. Outside of that locality, the United States laws had thrown their protection around the institution to the extent of compelling the return of the fugitives. The popular mind had acquiesced in such laws because the original compact between the people, the Constitution, demanded thus much. Through the machinery of the Federal Courts, the slave-holder recovered his property. What greater protection could be demanded, what higher security asked? But the insurgents, who have for thirty years been dreaming of, and planning and scheming for, a separate Confederacy, thinking a more complete union of all parties could be effected on the slavery question than any other, made that the pretext for the overthrow of their only protection. They declare that they no longer submit to, nor ask protection from, the laws of the United States, and yet some of their sympathizers, in this section, tremble lest they fail to get aid and comfort from laws and institutions which they not only despise, but have entered into a death-struggle to overthrow. In the mad attempt of secessionists to make this a war for their peculiar institution, "they have aroused a thousand enemies to it, where it had one before; and their course has been especially fatal to the States that were to serve as their bulwark."

These are facts which every thoughtful man must see. If this rebellion goes on, the institution is doomed. The insurgents are blindly feeling their way, through carnage, strife, and the smoke of a cruel and barbarous conflict, to the main pillars of the edifice they pretend to be fighting to preserve, and when it tumbles, as tumble it will if they do not pause in their madness, on them, and them alone will the ruins fall, and they and theirs will surely be crushed under the weight of their own demolished institutions. The cause of this God-daring rebellion is unholy ambition in the hearts of a few. The pretext is

the negro. The result will be the complete and utter annihilation of everything which opposes the progress of the Union forces.

It is high time for all to see and acknowledge one fact. Under the Union, slavery prospered. In civil war, it droops and dies. The real Abolitionist is the man who assists the rebels in prolonging civil strife, and hastening the death of the institution.

Many are anxious that everything shall remain, during this rebellion, and come forth from the fiery furnace, in as good shape as it was before. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego are not living at the present time, and the probability is that something will get singed. In so, the party injured will only have to blame himself for heating the furnace. No rebellion ever protected local interests to any very alarming extent, and this will not prove an exception. Whatever opposes the Union and the Constitution, be it slavery or any other institution will go to the wall, if this contest is prolonged by the rebels. Anybody with the least penetration can see that much.—*St. Joe Herald.*

THE MUDSILLS OF THE NORTH.—Some South Carolinian, a few years since, made some taunting remark about our Savings Banks, an institution, it seems, that was not appreciated in the Palmetto State. From a late official report, I see that these Banks in our city, have on deposit nearly forty millions of dollars. All these dollars are the hard earned savings of a class, of which the world takes but little notice, but which it cannot by any means do without. Without this class, even the Fifth Avenue Hotel Committee, might not be able to wear spotless linen, or get their daily bread, even by praying for it. The mechanics, laborers, brick-layers, hod-carriers, carmen, washerwomen, and omnibus drivers of this city, have really saved, and have placed on interest, at 6 per cent the magnificent sum of \$40,000,000! Does this speak badly for the social system of our Northern cities? Verrily, the "mudsills" of the North are planted on foundations of solid gold! Their escutcheon is of that glittering yellow, which glistens in the eye, alike, of prince and peasant, and leads willing captive, both the savage and civilized!—*N. Y. Cor. St. Joe Herald.*

COURT OF IMPEACHMENT.—The United States Senate is now organized as a High Court of Impeachment for the trial of Hon. West W. Humphreys, late U. S. District Judge for Tennessee, upon charges preferred against him by the House of Representatives. The managers of the prosecution are Messrs. Bingham and Pendleton of Ohio, Dunlap of Kentucky, and Train of Massachusetts. In ordinary times, a trial so rare would excite uncommon interest. There have been very few cases of impeachment in this country, the power itself being so seldom called into requisition that Mr. Jefferson pronounced it a mere scarecrow.

One of the most magnificent historical pictures in the English language, is Macaulay's description of the trial of Warren Hastings on impeachment before the House of Peers, for high crimes and misdemeanors as Governor-General of India. In that, Burke and Sheridan were prosecutors on behalf of the Commons; and all the resources of the most affluent mind of Edmund Burke were put forth against Hastings. No invective more intense or powerful can be found in the treasures of any language, than that which was employed in vain against this gigantic criminal, whose wealth, derived from the plunder of the miserable Asiatics, secured him impunity for the robberies by which he acquired it.

The case of Judge Humphreys of the merit of which we know nothing will be a humble scene, and will hardly occupy the minds of our public men for seven years as did that of Warren Hastings.—*Mo. Dem.*

The girls of Northampton, Mass., have been sending a bachelor editor a bouquet of tansy and wormwood. The wretched individual says he don't care—it is sweeter than matrimony anyhow.

NORTHERN DOUGHFACES.

An officer in one of the Ohio regiments, writing to the Cincinnati Commercial, from Hamburg, Tennessee, April 27th, to correct some erroneous statements, adds:

"The time is coming when a battle at home must be fought between those who would yet be free and the miserable fragments of party politics that are now being nursed up for use when the proper hour arrives. I have never yet been more disgusted with any set of men, than on a recent trip to Ohio in company of some prisoners of war. Not with the rebel officers under my charge, for most of them were gentlemen commanding my respect, as compared with divers and many politicians at every stopping place, who button-holed my prisoners and consoled with them over 'the unfortunate state of affairs that they had always tried to avoid; 'hoped it would soon be over, and we should be brothers and friends again; 'I stuck out to the last, 'if it hadn't been for abolitionists we never would have had a war,' &c. To have an editor, as at Dayton, for hours closeted with one of the rebel generals; to be asked by these rebel officers all about Vandalism, Pugh and Cox, and hear them boast of their excellent qualities and their patriotism—all these things were but straws; but any man who looks, cannot fail to read, that the relics of the old Breckinridge party (not democrats) is not dead, but is even now tumbling restlessly in his coffin, and even gets up at nightfall and walks the alleys about your cities. Nothing alarming in it! No—must have an organization ready and perfected in the north to co-operate with the south as soon as we make a peace! Presidents and cabinet officers—ministers and emoluments swell from afar off, and draw like the body does the vultures.

There is nothing truer under the sun, than if a peace be made, until we have whaled the devilish negro white man driving spirit out of the leaders of this rebellion, and hung all such men as Jeff. Davis, Starke, Bright, Slidell and Vandalism, our peace will only be nominal. I have more real feeling for a man who openly comes out and fights, than for these political jugglers, who are now patching up an old political quilt for the second birth from thralldom of our country. Give me either a good man, and upright, or a mean devil, and I will get along, but a half way man, who can trust?"

A MOTHER'S KISS.—A day or two since, a ragged and dirty-looking boy, fourteen years of age, pleaded guilty in the Superior Criminal Court to having fired a building. For two years past, since the death of his mother, he had wandered around the streets a vagrant, without a home or human being to care for him, and he had become in every respect a "bad boy." A gentleman and a lady interested themselves in his behalf and the latter took him one side to question him. She talked with him kindly, but without making the slightest impression upon his feelings, and to all she said he manifested the greatest indifference, until she asked him if no one ever kissed him. This simple inquiry proved too much for him, and, turning into tears, he replied—"No one since my mother kissed me." That one thought of his poor dead mother, the only being, perhaps, who had ever spoken to him kindly before, touched him to his heart, a hardened young criminal though he was. The little incident caused other tears to flow than his.—*Boston Recorder.*

WOMAN'S SPITE.—A married woman at Chicago, Ill., got angry at her husband and jumped over the banister of the stairs, landing in the hall below and breaking one of her legs. "There you scoundrel!" exclaimed she, "now you will have to pay a doctor and a nurse for me!"

ADVERTISING.—The first two verses of the first chapter of the Chronicles of Success, read thus:

"Who hath sadness? Who hath woe? Who 'shineth' the streets with gloom of countenance and perplexity of mind? Who loatheth confidence and patronage, and sinketh into poverty and forgetfulness? He that adviseth not—He that doth not make himself known through the papers. He who by his negligence in this matter, depriveth himself of gain and securereth to himself loss! His business wisdom is foolishness. His lack of knowledge, yea, his stinginess sticketh out, and the discerning shun him.

Who hath gladness? Who hath joy? Who hath growing business and full coffers? Who payeth his notes promptly? Who gaineth the confidence and patronage of men, and raiseth to affluence? He that adviseth liberally—that through the journals of the day maketh himself and his business known! He hath chosen the part of wisdom, and his riches and honor increase like light in the morning—his shadow groweth broad. His complacency increaseth. His fame extendeth. His happiness endureth, and he is honored and blessed of all men—particularly the printers."—So mote it be!—*Topeka Record.*

Daniel Webster said: "Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and amply repaid is its patron, I care not how humble and unpretending is the gazette which he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a sheet without putting into it something that is worthy the subscription price. Every parent whose son is away from home at school, should supply him with a newspaper. I well remember what a marked difference there was between those who had access to newspapers and those who had not. Other things being equal, the first were always superior to the last in debate, composition, and general intelligence."

A. Ward, in narrating his "amoosin' courtship, lets fling "a sarkassum or too." There was many affectin' ties which made me hanker arter Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined our'n; their cows and our'n squencht their thirst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their foreheads, the measles brook out in both famerlys at nearly the same period; our parients (Betsy's and mine) slept reglarly every Sunday in the same meetin' house, and the nabers yoost to observe, "How thick the Wards and Pensleys air!" It was a sublime site, in the Spring of the year, to see our several mother's (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so they couldn't see 'em, affeckshuilly Bilin sope together & aboozin the nabers.

HOW TO BLOW THE NOSE.—To persons afflicted with colds, a gentleman, having at heart the good of his fellow-creatures, announces the following directions for blowing the nose: Pack tightly, in two pieces of combustible paper, a quantity of fine, strong gunpowder sufficient to fill each side entrance to your proboscis, insert them tightly up it, and light the ends, which should be left protruding for the purpose, with a candle. The effect will be instantaneous and perfect.

Franklin said a Bible and a newspaper in every house, a good school in every distict—all studied and appreciated as they merit—are the principal support of virtue, morality, and civil liberty.

Five dollars' worth of beaver to cover five cents' worth of brains is thought by an exchange to be a needless waste of property.

Com. Foote gave the rebels about two thousand pills before their last evacuation. It was an obstinate case.—*Lon. Jour.*

Dr. Franklin used to say that rich widows are the only piece of second-hand goods that sell at prime cost.